

SHERIFF
★ OF TOMBSTONE

SHERIFF OF

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

A Charlton Publication

TOMBSTONE

10¢
FEBRUARY





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

My Pal!

Win
\$100
as I
just
did!

YOU CAN
WIN
a BIG 15"
SILVER CUP
as I just did!
with YOUR
NAME
engraved
on it!



JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon
Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon



90 lb.
Skeleton

He says,
I gained
70 lbs.
of
mighty
muscle

Stop being a **SKINNY** Weakling like I was
IN 10 MINUTES of FUN A DAY YOU CAN DO ALL I DID
GAIN 25 lbs. of **HANDSOME**
POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!
IMPROVE YOUR HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%
WIN NEW STRENGTH for money-making work!
for **WINNING** at ALL SPORTS!

WIN NEW POPULARITY

Win NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS



How did I do ALL This? I
mailed the Coupon and got
These **5** PICTURE-PACKED
HE MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE
BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
Millions Sold for \$1



**HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY CHEST**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I gained
60 lbs. of
muscles,"
says
John
Sill.

GET
ALL 5
FREE
↓
1

"I'm
PROUD
to be
seen
with
Jim
NOW!
Every-
body
admires
his build," says Nellie.
"Jim can lift the front
of a 2700 lb. car.
He amazes his friends!"

You'll be
A Real
ATHLETE
in ALL
SPORTS
Soon
after
YOU
mail
Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER
in ALL SPORTS NOW.
You will be, too, soon.

2

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby
you are I'll make you OVER by the
SAME method I turned myself from a
wreck to the strongest of the strong.
Why can't I do for you what I did for
MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows
like You?

"Congratulations,
John! At last you
mailed the coupon
as EVERY MAN
should. Soon YOU'll
be as big and strong
as I am,"
says Jim Norman
to John Luckus

3

**HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

4

**HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened. From head to heels you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A
WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

5

**HOW TO MOLD
MIGHTY LEGS**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

Mail the
"ALL
FREE"
coupon
get this
"AMAZING
SECRETS"
Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL,
ACT, like A Real
HE-MAN! Win Women
and Men Friends
Win in Sports!
Win Promotion,
Praise, Popularity

**AMAZING SECRETS
HOW TO WIN
MUSCLES LIKE IRON
HERCULES' DEAN
CANNELL'S TITAN
EXPERT TRAIN
YOU NOW YOU
HOW TO BECOME
A HE-MAN!
ALL-AMERICAN
HE-MAN!
10 MINUTES A DAY
PHOTO BOOK**

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES
2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Tell Me How to
WIN \$100, etc.
Dept. CH-89

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220 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Dear George Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1 How to Build a Mighty Chest, 2 How to Build a
Mighty Arm, 3 How to Build a Mighty Grip, 4 How to Build
a Mighty Back, 5 How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One
Volume. How to become a Mighty HE-MAN. ENCLOSED FIND 10c
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (NO C.O.D.'S)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

Volume 1, Number 2

FEBRUARY, 1959

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SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

SHERIFF of TOMBSTONE

IN 'FRAME-UP'

WHEN LUKE SPADE SMASHED THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE ELITE HOTEL ROOM, HE FOUND A MAN OUT COLD ON THE FLOOR, HIS POCKETS EMPTIED--AND RUSS TYLER HALFWAY THROUGH THE WINDOW WITH THE MAN'S WALLET!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, TYLER!

I SUSPECTED THAT HE WAS A THIEF, SHERIFF!

DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS, MISTER! I DIDN'T ROB JOHN COYNE! THE MAN WHO DID GOT AWAY!



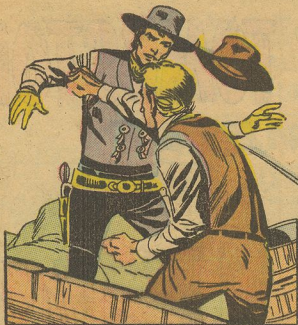
THERE'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO SUIT ME, TYLER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

I'M INNOCENT! I'M NOT GOIN' TO JAIL!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

TYLER WAS QUIET UNTIL HE REACHED THE STREET! THEN, HE TURNED, SNAGGING A HAY-MAKER AT THE LAM-MAN...



DOGGONE IT, TYLER-- I HATE TUH DO THIS!



THE NEXT MORNING, RUSS TYLER WAS INDICTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY! HE STILL PROTESTED...

THE SHERIFF'S LYING, YOUR HONOR. HE'S BEEN ON MY BACK EVER SINCE I HIT TOMBSTONE. HE TOLD ME HE'D PUT ME IN JAIL ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

THIS IS A SERIOUS ACCUSATION, SHERIFF! WILL YOU ANSWER HIM, PLEASE?



YOUR HONOR, TYLER'S UP TO SOMETHIN'-- I HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT YET BUT...

SHERIFF! I GOT THE GUY WHO ROB-BED THE MAN AT THE HOTEL LAST NIGHT...



OLD SAM DID IT! I CAUGHT HIM WITH THIS BANKROLL AND ASKED HIM WHERE HE GOT IT. HE WAS SCARED TO TALK AT FIRST, THEN HE ADMITTED IT...



TYLER IS INNOCENT! HE CAUGHT SAM WITH THE WALLET AND GRABBED IT! TYLER WAS AFTER HIM WHEN SHERIFF SPADE ENTERED THE ROOM!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THE COURT WAS DEAD SILENT-- THEN SHERIFF SPADE'S QUESTION JOINTED THEM ALL...

IF THAT STORY IS TRUE, TYLER, HOW COME THE DOOR WAS LOCKED AN' I HAD TO BREAK IN?

IT WASN'T LOCKED! YOU'RE TRYIN' TO FRAME ME--ANYONE CAN SEE THAT NOW!



WHY, YOU...

THAT'S ENOUGH, SHERIFF! THE PRISONER MAY BE CORRECT! YOU WILL RELEASE HIM AT ONCE! AND, IN THE FUTURE...

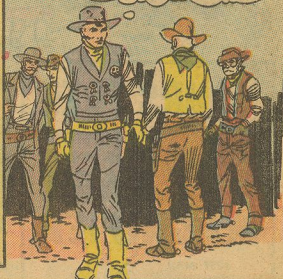


...YOU WILL NOT ANNOY THIS MAN OR COERCE HIM IN ANY WAY! THE SHERIFF'S DUTY IS TO SAFEGUARD THE CITIZENS, NOT DEPRIVE THEM OF THE LIBERTY! CASE DISMISSED!



EVERY MAN IN TOMBSTONE HELD THE SAME OPINION! LUKE SPADE TRIED TO FRAME RUSS TYLER TO WORK OFF A PRIVATE GRUDGE...

THEY REALLY BELIEVE IT! THEY THINK I'VE GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST TYLER!



NEXT TIME YUH ARREST TYLER, SHERIFF, YUH BETTER BE RIGHT!

YEAH, NEXT TIME...



THAT'S IT! IT'S PART OF A PLAN! A BIG PLAN! OLD SAM'S JUST A TOOL THEY USED! TYLER DOESN'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM!



BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

GIVEN! GIVEN! YES, WE GIVE YOU PREMIUMS or CASH!



YOURS FREE

SEND FOR
this big, powerful
**MAGIC
MAGNIFIER**

JUST MAIL
COUPON!

THIS IS A TERRIFIC OFFER LOOK WHAT YOU GET

Yes — we'll send you the **MAGIC MAGNIFIER** absolutely FREE! Study insects, plant life, rocks, stamps, fingerprints, etc. Also — we'll send **WHITE CLOVERINE Brand SALVE & Big Catalog** showing dozens of wonderful premiums you can have. Cameras, Dolls, Rifles, Fishing Outfits, Radios, Watches, etc. (Sent postpaid). You simply offer **WHITE CLOVERINE Brand SALVE** — easily sold to friends, relatives and neighbors at 50c a Tube. Rush coupon to start.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE MAGNIFIER
BIG CATALOG and ORDER OF SALVE

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AND DRUG
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EVERYWHERE

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Good Housekeeping
THE 100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEE

WILSON CHEMICAL CO.
DEPT. 99-9, TYRONE, PA.

OVER
64
YEARS!

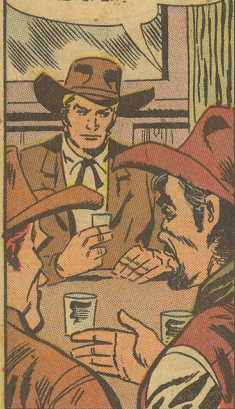
MAIL COUPON — Magnifier Sent FREE!

Date.....
Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 99-9, Tyrone, Pa.
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial, 14 tubes of **WHITE CLOVERINE Brand SALVE** to sell at 50c a tube. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start. Be sure to send my **FREE 'MAGIC MAGNIFIER'**!

Name..... Age.....
St..... R.D..... Box.....
Town..... Zone..... State.....
PRINT LAST NAME HERE
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

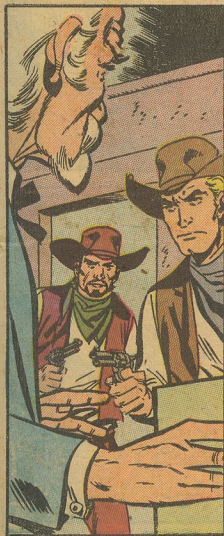
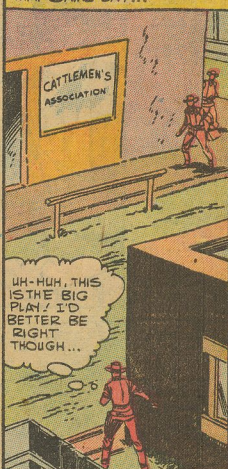
MEANWHILE... THEY'RE BOUND TUH CATCH US, RUSS! WE'VE GOT TUH GET IN THAT VAULT DURING BUSINESS HOURS WHEN THE SAFE IS OPEN.



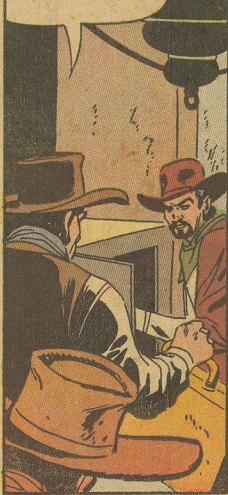
THEY'LL CATCH US. ALL RIGHT-- BUT THE SHERIFF WON'T MAKE ANY ARRESTS! I'VE GOT 'IM FIXED SO HE WILL THINK A LONG TIME BEFORE HE LAYS A HAND ON ME.



THAT SAME DAY...



HERE, FILL THIS UP, DON'T HURRY!



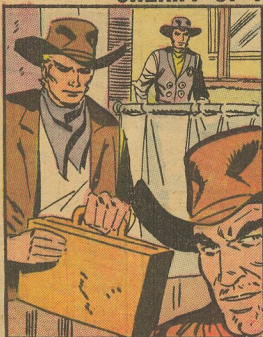
JUST BEFORE LUKE SPADE ACTED, THE JUDGE SHOWN UP, DELAYING LUKE...



I WON'T, JUDGE-- EXCUSE ME, I GOT SOME-'TIN' TUH DO!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THE MONEY WAS THE BIG PROBLEM... TYLER'S CONFEDERATES FORCED A BACK WINDOW AND ESCAPED! IT WAS UP TO TYLER TO GET OUT OF TOWN WITH THE CASH THEY'D TAKEN FROM THE ASSOCIATION'S SAFE...



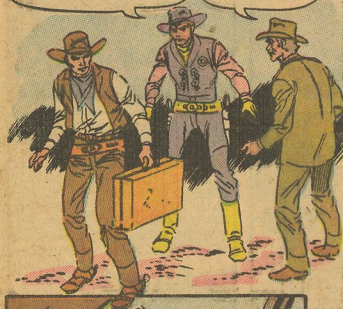
WHAT'S IN THAT SUITCASE, TYLER?

SPADE, YOU CAN'T MAKE ME SHOW YOU. THE WHOLE TOWN KNOWS YOU'RE OUT TO GET ME -- IF YOU BOTHER ME NOW, THEY'LL TAKE THAT TIN BADGE AND THROW YOU IN YOUR OWN CELL.



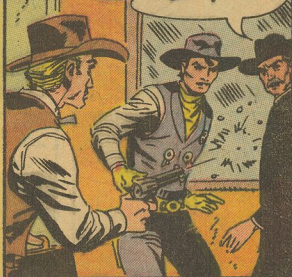
STOP THERE, TYLER! I'M GONNA HAVE A LOOK AT THAT SUITCASE!

DON'T, LUKE! LET THE MAN ALONE!



RUSS TYLER GRABBED HIS CHANCE! HE KNEW THE SHERIFF WOULD BE UNDECIDED, SO...

REMEMBER MY WARNING, SHER... **LOOK OUT!**



LATER, AFTER TYLER'S PLAN WAS EXPLAINED, AND THE THREE OUTLAWS SAFELY LOCKED AWAY...

LUKE, I'M SORRY! TYLER MADE CHUMPS OUT OF EVERYONE BUT YOU!

HE ALMOST FOOLED ME TOO, JUDGE -- TILL HE DENIED THAT THE HOTEL ROOM DOOR WAS LOCKED WHEN I TRIED TH' GET IN! MY SHOULDER STILL HURTS FROM BREAKIN' IT DOWN!



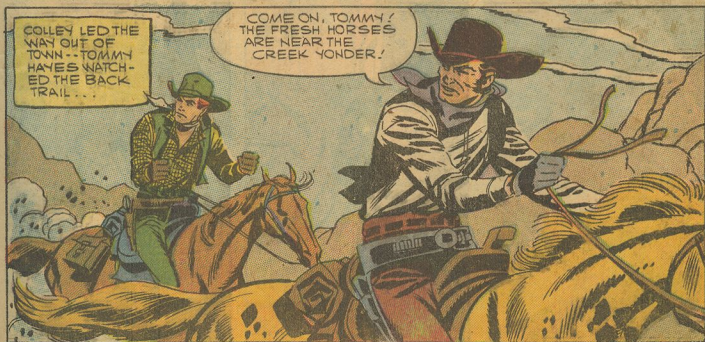
END

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

in "PARDNER IN CRIME"

TOMMY HAYES GREW UP WITH LUKE SPADE -- WHEN HE WAS A KID, HE SAT ON FAT JACK'S LAP, LISTENING TO LUKE'S DAD TELLING STORIES OF THE BADMEN OF THE WEST / TOMMY LEFT TOWN WHEN THEY WERE BOTH IN THEIR TEENS -- BUT HE TRAVELED A DIFFERENT ROAD THAN THE TOMBSTONE SHERIFF DID.



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

HAYES WAS GLOOMY THAT DAY,
AND HIS HARD-BITTEN PARD
NOTICED IT...

I WISH I HADN'T HURT
THAT GUARD! HE WAS JUST
DOIN' HIS JOB, JEFF! THIS IS
THE FIRST TIME I EVER
TURNED AGAINST THE LAW
AND...

YUH
TURNIN'
SOFT,
TOMMY?

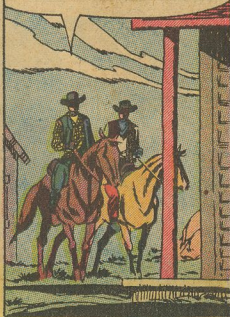
I'D SHOOT YUH
LIKE I WOULD
A LAME
HORSE,
TOMMY!
IF YUH
TURN SOFT,
YUH'RE NO
USE TUH
ME!

PUT THAT
GUN AWAY,
JEFF! IF I
DRAW, I'LL
PUT LEAD IN TUH
YUH, EVEN IF
YUH DO HAVE
THE DROP ON
ME! COME ON,
LET'S RIDE!



WHEN HAYES RODE INTO TOMB-
STONE, HE HADN'T BEEN
THERE IN TEN YEARS! HE'D
HEARD THAT FAT JACK SPADE
HAD HAD A HEART ATTACK
AND WAS LONG SINCE BURIED,
BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW WHO
THE NEW SHERIFF WAS...

I USED TUH LIVE IN TOMB-
STONE, IF JACK SPADE
STILL TOTED THE BADGE,
I'D NEVER COME HERE!



WE'LL RIDE WHEREVER WE
WANT, BUDDY! ANY LAW-
MAN CROSSES OUR PATH
IS IN FOR TROUBLE!
BIG TROUBLE!

WHO
YUH
LOOKIN'
FOR
NOW?

LUKE SPADE--THE
OLD SHERIFF'S
SON! HE AN' I
WERE BUDDIES
ONCE! I WONDER
IF HE'S STILL
AROUND?



YOU CAN
STOP
WONDERIN',
TOMMY!
HERE I
AM!

LUKE, YUH OLD
BUZZARD!
YUH LOOK
GREAT! WHAT'S
THAT THING
ON...



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THE TOMB-STONE SHERIFF SAW HIS FACE CHANGE WHEN HE LOOKED AT THE BADGE-- HE WATCHED JEFF COLLEY'S FEAR OF LAWMEN PLAINLY SHOW...



WHAT'S WRONG, TOMMY? DIDN'T YOU KNOW I'M THE SHERIFF HERE?

SKIP IT, LUKE! I'LL SEE YA AROUND SOME TIME!

SOMETHING'S WRONG -- TOMMY WAS REAL HAPPY TUN SEE ME UNTIL HE SPOTTED THE BADGE. I HOPE IT'S NOT WHAT I THINK IT IS.



HEY, LUKE -- GO AROUND BY THE LIVERY STABLE. I WANTA TALK SOME.

I DO TOO, TOMMY!



LATER--

WHAT'S WRONG, TOMMY?

NOTHIN', LUKE -- IT'S JUST... I'VE GOT A PARTNER, LUKE. JEFF COLLEY, THE GENT I WAS WITH. HE... HE DOESN'T LIKE LAWMEN.



YUH'RE ON THE DODGE, TOMMY? YUH WANTED SOMEBODY FOR SOMETHIN'?

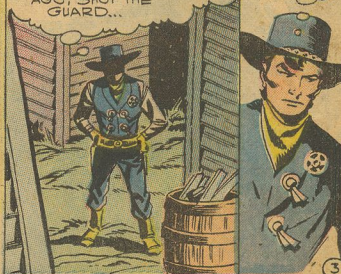
THERE'S NO REWARD ON MY HEAD, LUKE. LET'S LEAVE IT AT THAT. I'LL BE LEAVIN' IN A FEW MINUTES -- TAKE CARE O' YORE-SELF!

THE COMPACT LITTLE LAWMAN STAYED WHERE HE WAS-- HE WANTED HIS BOY-HOOD PAL TO GO BEFORE THINGS GOT COMPLICATED...



I'VE GOT IT! I HEARD OF JEFF COLLEY BEFORE! HE ROBBED THE TUCSON STAGE SIX MONTHS AGO, SHOT THE GUARD...

NOW TOMMY IS WITH HIM!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

TOMMY HANES WAS AFRAID-- HE WANTED DESPERATELY TO GET OUT OF TOMBSTONE BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENED...

COME ON, JEFF! WE'D BETTER MAKE DUST!

WHAT'S WRONG? AFRAID O' THAT OLD BUDDY O' YORES? OR ARE YUH AFRAID I'LL BEAT HIM TUH THE DRAW?



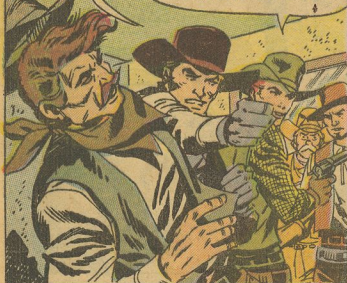
BUDDY OR NOT, I'D LOVE TUH USE A COLT ON LUKE SPADE!

WHAT'S THAT? LUKE SPADE'S A GOOD MAN!



YUH'RE A LIAR!

THAT DID IT, YUH CHUMP! HEAD FOR THE DOOR-- I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!



THE PLACE WAS IN AN UP-ROAR-- A BARTENDER REACHED FOR A SANED-OFF SHOT-GUN...

THE SHERIFF'S COMIN'! LUKE'LL FIX THEM!



STAY OUT OF THIS, LUKE! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF TOWN!



JOE NARD IS HIT-- WHERE'S THE SHERIFF?

HE WON'T HELP ANY-- I'LL SEE TUH THAT!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

LUKE HELD HIS FIRE -- HE COULDN'T SHOT WHEN COLLEY WAS THROWING LEAD INTO THE SALOON...

YOU -- DROP IT OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!

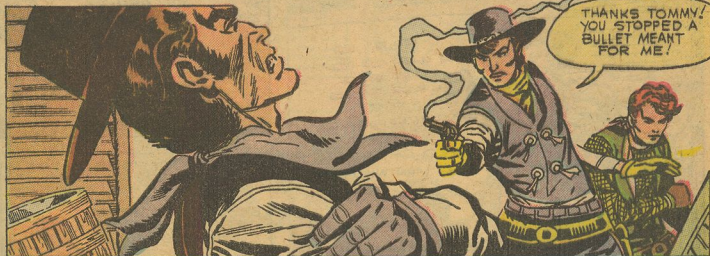
GET HIM, TOMMY! WE GOT 'IM TWO TUH ONE!

GIVE UP LIKE HE SAID, JEFF! DEAL ME OUT OF IT, LUKE! THERE'S MY GUN!

OKAY, TOMMY! NOW YOU, MISTER! DROP IT!

JEFF COLLEY HAD AN INSANE HATRED FOR LAWMEN -- HE BEGAN THROWING LEAD...

LOOK OUT, LUKE, I...



THANKS TOMMY! YOU STOPPED A BULLET MEANT FOR ME!

JEFF COLLEY WENT TO A CELL! TOMMY HAYES SUDDENLY HAD MORE FRIENDS THAN ENOUGH IN TOMBSTONE! HE WAS HURT-- BUT HE'D RECOVER...

...SO WHEN I WENT BROKE PROSPECTING AND JEFF COLLEY ASKED ME TO JOIN HIM, I DID! I WAS ONLY IN ON ONE JOB!

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT FROM NOW ON, TOMMY!

YOU'LL PAY YOUR DEBT TO SOCIETY AND THEN COME BACK AND START WITH A CLEAN SLATE, OK, TOMMY?

IT'S A DEAL, BUDDY!



END!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

SHERIFF of TOMBSTONE

IN THE CHALLENGER

ELECTION DAY WAS COMING--AND NORM ALBEY WANTED LUKE SPADE OUT OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT COST. HE TOOK UP THE COLLECTION FROM THE OTHER SHADY BUSINESSMEN IN TOMBSTONE--HE SENT THE TELEGRAM AND THE DRAFT FOR FIVE THOUSAND THAT BROUGHT ABEL MAHER TO TOMBSTONE. MAHER WAS RUNNING AGAINST LUKE SPADE--AND IT LOOKED BAD FOR THE PINT-SIZED SHERIFF.

...AND I PROMISE YOU I'LL RUN TOMBSTONE THE WAY YOU WANT ME TO RUN IT! THIS IS A HE-MAN'S TOWN--I'LL RUN IT THAT WAY!

ABEL
ABEL
FOR
SHERIFF

HERO OF THE PECOS
THE MAN WHO CLEANS
UP BAD CITY IN T

HEAR THAT, RUNT?
MAHER'S GONNA BE
WEARIN' THAT BADGE
SOON.

STEP UP HERE,
SHERIFF! LET
THE FOLKS SEE
HOW BIG A
MAN YOU ARE!

I'LL DO JUST
THAT, MISTER!
I'VE GOT SOME-
THIN' TO SAY
ANYHOW.

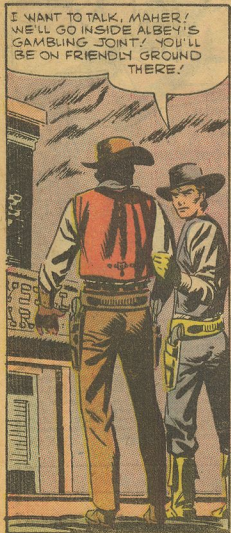
I KNOW I'M NOT THE HEROIC TYPE!
AN' I ALSO KNOW THIS MEETIN'S
OBSTRUCTIN' TRAFFIC, BEIN' HELD
WITHOUT A PERMIT--AN' IT'S
BREAKIN' UP RIGHT NOW!
PUT OUT THOSE TORCHES,
CLEAR THE STREET.

MAKE MONEY, TOO!

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

SEND NO MONEY - We Trust You!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

IT WAS FIGHTING TALK -- THEY CLEAR-ED THE SPACE AROUND ABEL MAHER AND THE TOMB-STONE SHERIFF AT ONCE...

BE CAREFUL WHERE YUH PUT YORE HANDS 'LESS YUH INTEND TUH DRAW!

I'M GOIN' TO GNE YOU A BEATIN' WITH MY BARE HANDS, SHORTY! THAT IS, IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO RUN AWAY!

MAHER SLOWLY SET HIS GUNS ON THE BAR NEAR LUKE, THEN THREW A SNEAK PUNCH THAT WOULD HAVE KNOCK-ED LUKE SPADE COLD...



THAT WAS ALL... LUKE SPADE'S GUNS COVER-ED EVERY-ONE A SECOND LATER...

I'M NOT PAID FOR BARROOM BRANLS, MAHER! I C'N TAKE YUH ANY TIME, I'M LEAVIN' ALBEY. NEXT TIME YORE IMPORT-ED GUNSLINGER WANTS TUH MAKE A SPEECH, GET A PERMIT FOR IT FIRST! ADIOS, GENTS!



A LOT OF PEOPLE HAD HAD GRUDGES AGAINST LUKE'S FATHER, OTHERS DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF HAVING A LITTLE MAN WEAR-ING THE BADGE...

WE WANT A REAL SHERIFF LIKE YOU, MR. MAHER!

WE'LL ALL VOTE FOR YUH, ABEL!



IF WE ELECT ABEL MAHER, THE CONHANDS WILL COME FLOCKING IN -- THEY LIKE A 'WIDE OPEN TOWN.' TOO STRICT A LAW- MAN'S BAD FOR TOMBSTONE.



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

SOME OF LUKE SPADE'S FRIENDS WANTED HIM OUT OF OFFICE TOO-- FOR ENTIRELY DIFFERENT REASONS...

DOGSGONE IT, LUKE, I'LL GIVE YUH A SHARE IN THE RANCH IF YUH'LL BE FOREMAN AGAIN! THIS LANMAN BUSINESS IS DANGEROUS.



IT'S NECESSARY TOO, JIM! YUH'LL SEE WHAT A ROTTEN PLACE TOMBSTONE CAN BE IF ABEL MAHER GETS ELECTED! NORM ALBEY WILL RUIN EVERY HONEST MAN IN TOWN, INCLUDIN' YOU!



IT LOOKED LIKE AN EVEN BET-- MAHER OR SPADE--UNTIL THE DAY THE DARREL BROTHERS RODE IN. EACH OF THEM CARRIED \$5,000 REWARD ON HIS HEAD--AND BOTH WERE DEADLY WITH THEIR .45'S!

SOMEONE GET SHERIFF SPADE, THERE'S THE DARREL BOYS.

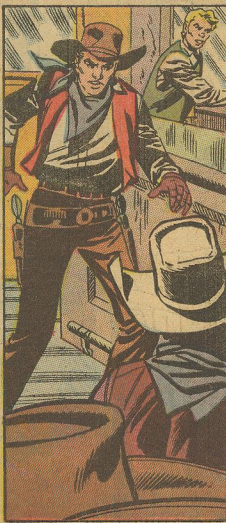


ABEL MAHER RECOGNIZED THEM AT ONCE. HE WANTED TO GET THEM FOR CASH--AND GLORY TO WIN A BADGE...



C'N A FELLA GIT A DRINK HERE-ABOUTS?

STEP RIGHT UP, BOYS! DRINKS ARE ON ME!



NO ONE KNEW WHY THE TWO BROTHERS WERE IN TOWN--MAHER DIDN'T ASK. HE WENT FOR HIS .45...



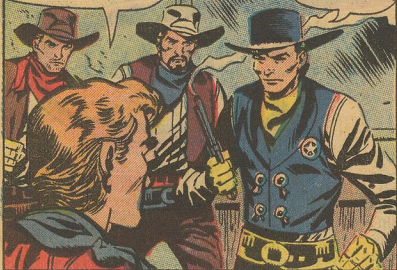
LOOK OUT, BUD!

HOLD IT, GENTS! DON'T MOVE!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THAT WON'T WORK, SPADE!
THE DARRELS ARE MY
PRISONERS. I GET
THE REWARD.

THERE WON'T ~~BE~~ ANY
REWARD, MAHER. TELL
'IM WHY YUH'RE HERE,
BOYS!



WE CAME IN TUH GIVE OURSELVES UP
TO SHERIFF SPADE, FRIEND. WE
AIN'T GUILTY OF THE THINGS FOLKS
SAI. WE FIGURE WE'LL BE BETTER
OFF GOIN' TUH JAIL A SPELL,
THEN GETTIN' A CLEAN
START IN LIFE.

IT'S A LIE,
THE SHERIFF'S
IN CAHOOTS
WITH YOU
TWO.



MAHER
CARRIED
TWO
GUNS--
SUDDEN-
LY,
WITHOUT
WARNING,
HE
WENT
FOR
HIS
SECOND
GUN...



YUH'RE UNDER ARREST,
MAHER! I WON'T LOCK
YUH UP-- I'LL LET YUH
WALK AROUND-- WITHOUT
YORE GUNBELT-- TILL
THE ELECTION'S
OVER.

YOU WERE
LUCKY,
SPADE! I'LL
STILL COME
OUT OF THIS
ON TOP!

DESPITE
THE
GUN-
FIGHT,
THE
CITIZENS
OF
TOMB-
STONE
WERE
STILL
DOUBT-
FUL
ABOUT
THE
ELECTION!



RELAX, JIM / FOLKS WON'T
VOTE FOR A CROOK-- MAHER
IS ONE / I'LL PROVE IT IN
TIME TUH WIN THE BADGE
FOR ANOTHER
FOUR YEARS!

ALL
RIGHT,
LUKE /
I'LL HAVE
A JOB
FOR YUH
IN CASE
YUH LOSE!



CHARLIE GOES TO CHICAGO

Charles A. Siringo could truly claim to be a real western cowboy. He punched cattle for Shanghai Pierce, rode the Chisolm trail, once roped a buffalo, joined in the chase for Billy the Kid and was a detective. So sit back in your chair and let him talk. He's headed back for the ranch and has a lot to tell you.

"On our arrival back to the ranch, Moore rigged up a scouting outfit to do nothing but drift over the Plains in search of strayed cattle. The outfit consisted of a well filled chuck wagon, a number one good cook, Mr. O. M. Johnson and three warriors, Jack Ryan, Vanduzen and myself. We had two good horses apiece, that is, all but myself. I had three counting Whiskey-peet.

About the sixth day out we struck three thousand Comanche Indians and became pretty badly scared up. We had camped for the night on the plains, at the forks of Mulberry and Canyon Paladuro. A point from where could be seen one of the roughest and most picturesque scopes of country in the West.

The next morning Jack Ryan went with the wagon to pilot it across Mulberry Canyon, while Vand and I branched off down into Canyon Paladuro to look for cattle signs. We succeeded in finding two little knotty-headed two-year old steers with a bunch of buffalo. They were almost as wild as their woolly associates, but we managed to get them cut out and head in the direction the wagon had gone.

About noon, on turning a sharp curve in the canyon, we suddenly came in full view of our wagon surrounded by a couple of thousand Indians — some on horseback and others still pouring down from the hills on the east. It was too late to figure what to do, for they had already seen us — we were only half a mile off. You see the two wild steers had turned the curve ahead of us and attracted the Indians' attention in that direction. We couldn't see anything but the white top of our wagon because of the solid mass of Indians. Hence couldn't tell whether our boys were still among the living or not. We thought of running once. But finally concluded to go up and take our medicine like men, in case they were on the war path. Leaving Whiskey-peet who was tied be-

hind the wagon, kept me from running more than anything else.

On pushing our way through the mass we found the boys, Winchesters in hand, telling the old chiefs where to find plenty of buffalo. There were three thousand in the band. And they had just come from Fort Sill, Indian Territory, on a hunting expedition. They wanted to get where buffaloes were plentiful before locating winter quarters.

From that time on we were among Indians all the time. The Pawnee tribe was the next one we came in contact with. Close to the Indian Territory line we ran afoul of the whole Cheyenne tribe. They were half starved, all the buffalo having drifted south, and their ponies being too poor and weak to follow them up. We traded them out of lots of blankets and trinkets. We soon ran out of chuck too, having swapped it all to the hungry Indians.

We then circled around by Fort Elliot and up the Canadian River to the ranch, arriving there with eighteen head of our steers, after an absence of seven weeks. We only got to remain at the ranch long enough to get a new supply of chuck and a fresh lot of horses. Moore had sent us right back to the Plains, in the south-westerly direction this time. We remained on the Plains scouting around during the rest of the winter, making only short trips to the ranch after fresh horses and grub. We experienced some tough times too. Especially during severe storms when our only fuel "Buffalo-chips" would be covered up in the deep snow for days. Even after the snow melted we could not get much heat from our fuel. Believe me, it was cold out there in those days!

About the first of April, Moore called us in from the Plains to go up the river to Fort Bascom, New Mexico, on a rounding-up expedition. We were gone on that trip over a month. On our arrival back, Moore went to work gathering up everything on the range in the shape of cattle. So as to "close-herd" them during the summer. His idea in doing this was to keep them tame. During the winter they had become almost beyond control. The range was far too large for a few cattle. And another

thing, buffalo being so plentiful had a tendency to make them wild.

About the first of June, Moore put me in charge of an outfit which consisted of twenty-five hundred steers, a wagon and cook, four riders and five horses to the man or rider. He told me to drift over the Plains wherever I felt like. Just so I brought the cattle in fat by the time cold weather set in.

It being an unusually wet summer, the scorer of basins, or "dry lakes," as we called them, contained an abundance of nice fresh water. Therefore we would make a fresh camp every few days. The grass was also fine, being mostly buffalo-grass and nearly a foot high. If ever I enjoyed life it was that summer. No flies or mosquitoes to bother us, lots of game and a balmy atmosphere.

Towards the latter part of July about ten thousand head of "through" cattle arrived from southern Texas — to keep the "wintered" ones from catching the Texas fever. Mr. Moore put them all on the Plains, leaving the new arrivals on the north side of the river. There were three herds besides mine, and I was put in charge of the whole outfit, that is, the four herds, even though they were held as separate as before with the regular number of men, horses, etc. to each herd.

I then put one of my men in charge of the herd I had been holding. And from that time on until late in the fall I had nothing to do but to ride from one herd to the other and see how they were getting along. Sometimes the camps would be twenty miles apart. I generally counted each bunch once a week to be certain they were all there. About the first of October, Moore came out and picked eight hundred of fattest steers out of the four herds and sent them to Dodge to be shipped to Chicago. He then took everything to the river to be turned loose onto the winter range until the next spring.

When the hardest work was over and winter camps established, I secured Moore's consent to let me try and overtake the shipping steers and accompany them to Chicago. So mounted on Whiskey-peat I struck out, accompanied by one of the boys, John Farris. It was doubtful whether we would overtake the herd before being shipped, as they had already been on the road about fifteen days, long enough to have gotten there.

The night after crossing the Cimeron River we had a little Indian scare. About three o'clock that afternoon we noticed two or three hundred mounted Indians, off to one side of the roading, marching up a ravine in single file. Being only a mile off, John proposed to me that we go over and ask them for something to eat. We were terrible hungry as well as thirsty.

I agreed, so we turned and rode towards them. On discovering us they all bunched up as though parleying. We didn't like such maneuvering because we were afraid they might be on the warpath. So we turned and continued our journey along the road keeping a close watch behind for fear they might conclude to follow us.

We arrived on Crooked Creek where there was a store and several ranches, just about dark. On riding up to the store where we intended to stop all night, we found it vacated. And everything turned up-side down as though the occupants had just left in a terrible hurry. Hearing some ox bells down the creek, we turned in that direction hoping to find something to eat.

About a mile's ride brought us to a ranch where several yoke of oxen stood grazing near the door. Finding a sack of corn in a wagon we fed our horses. We opened the door and out jumped a playful puppy who had been asleep. His master had left him there we figured and headed for Dodge. Hanging over the still warm ashes was a pot of nice beef soup which had never been touched. And in the old box cupboard was a lot of cold biscuits and a jar of preserves.

After filling up we struck out for Dodge, still a distance of twenty-five miles. We arrived there a short while after sun-up the next morning. The first man we met, an old friend by the name of Willingham, informed us of the Indian outbreak. There had been several men killed on Crooked Creek the evening before. Hence John and I found the ranches deserted. Cold sweat began to pour down over my face. What would have happened to the two of us had we ridden right into that band of Indians instead of turning away?

I eventually caught up with the herd because they had taken a longer route to avoid driving over a dry stretch of country, forty miles between water. Then they were put on cars to be shipped to Chicago. I went with them and landed at the Palmer House. But after paying one dollar for dinner I concluded its price too high for a plain cowboy like myself. So I moved to the Ervin House which was much cheaper. I stayed in Chicago six days and then headed home. I had left my horse, Whiskey-peat in Anderson's stable and he was o.k. So I mounted him and headed back for the ranch, which was two hundred and twenty-five miles distant.

When I arrived at the ranch I met Billy the Kid and some of his followers. During his stay at the ranch and around Tascosa, I became very well acquainted with him. Later I will tell you of some of his doings."

—THE END—

150 CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS!

TWO COMPLETE ARMIES—THE BLUES AND THE GREYS!

EACH PIECE OF MOLDED PLASTIC, EACH ON ITS OWN

BASE MEASURING UP TO 4 INCHES!

\$1.49



EACH GUN BOX CONTAINS:

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| 30 Cavalrymen | 18 Field Cannon | 6 Hospital Nurses |
| 30 Infantrymen | 6 Gatling Machine Guns | 6 Hospital Wagons |
| 18 Sharpshooters | 6 Coast Mortars | 6 Buglers |
| 6 Scouts | 6 Sergeants | 3 Merrimac Ships |
| 6 Officers | 3 Monitor Ships | |

JOSELY CO., Dept. W-6
Carle Place
Long Island, N. Y.

HERE'S MY \$1.49!

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C.O.D.'s

Rush the CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS TO ME!

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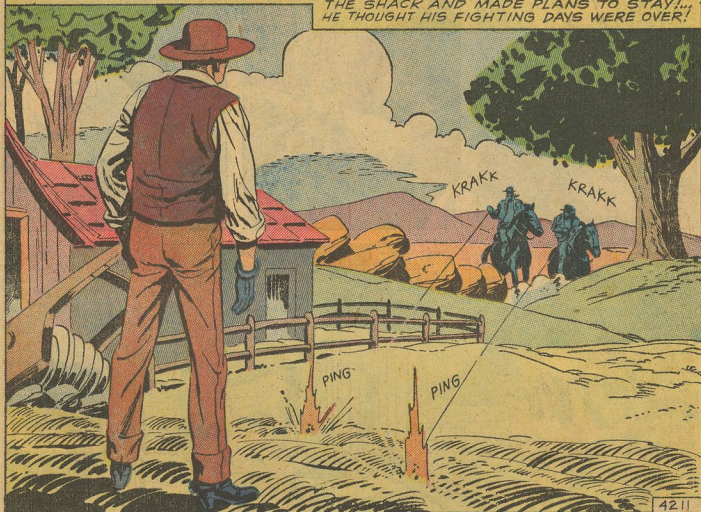
City _____ State _____

Canadian Orders: Send \$1.75 Postal Money Order

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

HOMESTEADER'S HEADACHE!

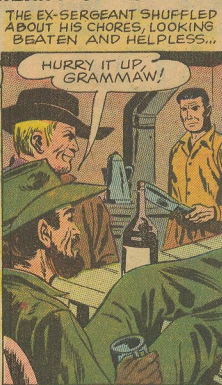
THE SECTION OF LAND AT THE TOP OF THE BASIN WASN'T TOO GOOD - BUT AFTER SIX YEARS OF FIGHTING INDIANS WITH THE ARMY, MIKE ROLLINGS THOUGHT IT WAS PARADISE! IT HAD BEEN HOMESTEADED ONCE BEFORE AND ABANDONED! BUT MIKE MOVED INTO THE SHACK AND MADE PLANS TO STAY!... HE THOUGHT HIS FIGHTING DAYS WERE OVER!



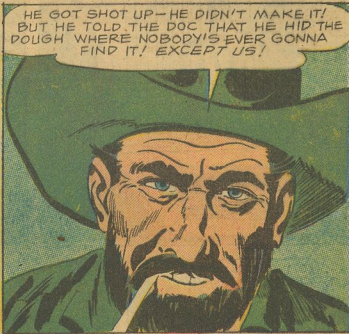
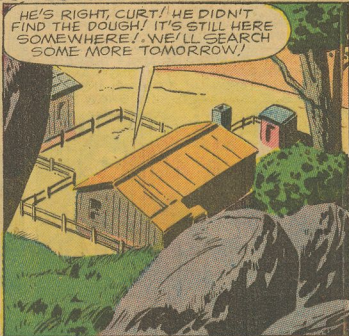
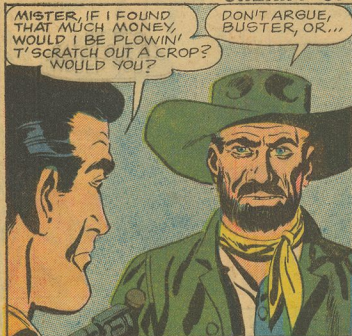
4211



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THE FARMER HAD DONE EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO AVOID A FIGHT—NOW, HE KNEW, HE'D HAVE TO BEAT THE PAIR TO SURVIVE THEIR VISIT...

GET THAT RAKE—IT OUGHTA REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL!

NAH—THERE'S A LONG-HANDLED SHOVEL INSIDE! I'LL SHOW YUH...



DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS, MISTER!



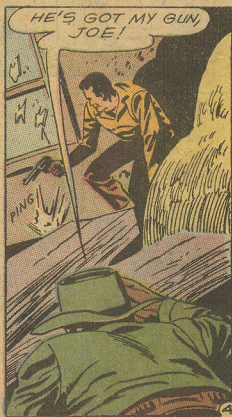
YUH DOUBLE-CROSSIN'... UNGH!



WHAT'S WRONG, CURT? ANSWER OR I'LL OPEN UP!



HE'S GOT MY GUN, JOE!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THE OUTLAW WAS AN EXPERIENCED GUNSLINGER—HE WAS COCKY AS HE SHOUTED BACK...

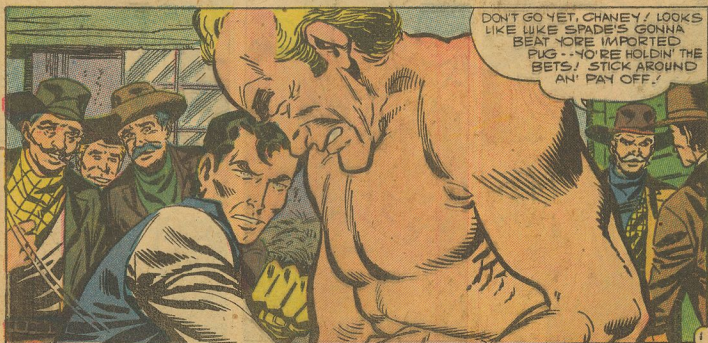
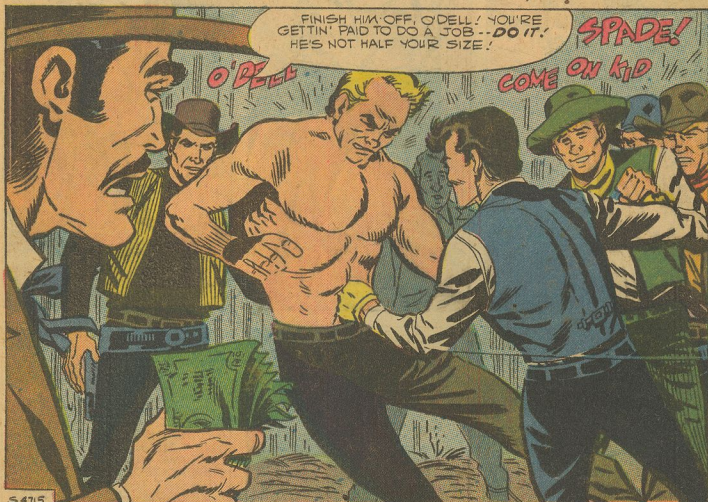


SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

IN "THE FIGHTER"

THE HARDCASES SNEERED AT HIS SIZE AND CALLED HIM "RUNT" -- BUT NOT TO LUKE SPADE'S FACE! HE WAS SMALL, BUT LIKE HIS DAD, FAT JACK, USED TO SAY -- "IT AIN'T THE SIZE OF THE DOG IN THE FIGHT, IT'S THE FIGHT IN THE DOG THAT COUNTS!" AND THE SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE WAS FULL OF FIGHT!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

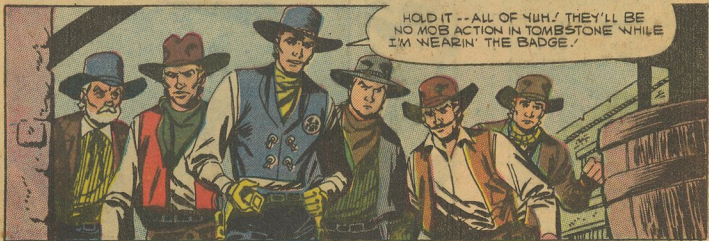
HAD ENOUGH,
O'DELL? ADMIT
I LICKED
YUH?

YEAH (GASP)
I'M... WASH-
ED UP!

JAY CHANEY'S BETTING COUP
BACKFIRED -- HIS LOSSES
CLEANED HIM OUT! AND THE
MEN WHO WON ALMOST
MOBBED THE PINT-SIZED
SHERIFF...

HEY -- THAT WAS
AIMED AT ME!
PUT ME DOWN,
YUH IDIOTS!

CHANEY'S
GOT A
GUNMAN
AFTER
LUKE! LET'S
GET CHANEY!



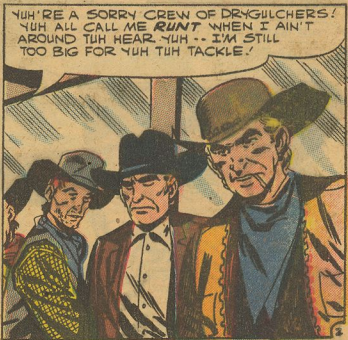
HOLD IT -- ALL OF YUH! THEY'LL BE
NO MOB ACTION IN TOMBSTONE WHILE
I'M WEARIN' THE BADGE!

JAY
CHANEY
OWNED
THE
PINK
SLIPPER.
A
GAMBLING
HOUSE --
HIS
PET
GUN-
HAWKS
WERE
THERE
WHEN
LUKE
SPADE
ENTER-
ED...

ALL RIGHT, GENTS, WHO'S THE
SNEAK WHO THREW THE
LEAD MY WAY?



YUH'RE A SORRY CREW OF DRYGULCHERS!
YUH ALL CALL ME **RUNT** WHEN I AIN'T
AROUND TUH HEAR YUH -- I'M STILL
TOO BIG FOR YUH TUH TACKLE!

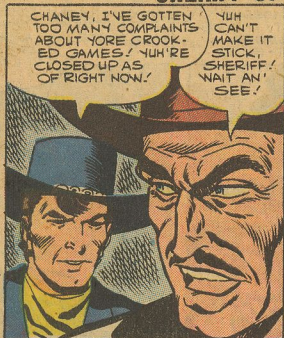


SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THEY
HATED
HIM
FOR
THAT--
BUT
THERE
WAS
MORE--
AND
IT
HURT
JAY
CHANEY
WHERE
IT
COUNTED--
IN
THE
POCKET-
BOOK...

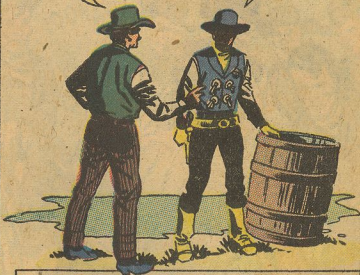
CHANEY, I'VE GOTTEN
TOO MANY COMPLAINTS
ABOUT YORE CROOK-
ED GAMES! YUH'RE
CLOSED UP AS
OF RIGHT NOW.

YUH
CAN'T
MAKE IT
STICK,
SHERIFF!
WAIT AN'
SEE!



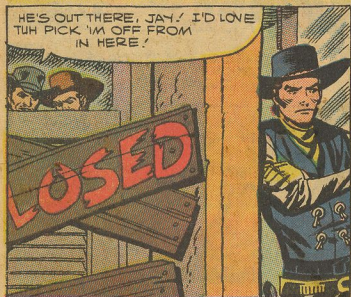
NICE GOING, LUKE!
WE'LL BACK YUH
UP WHEN TROUBLE
STARTS TUH POP!

THANKS, MIKE--
I'LL NEED ALL THE
HELP I C'N GET!



THE PINK SLIPPER CLOSED -- BUT CHANEY AND
HIS GANG STILL HUNG OUT OUTSIDE...

HE'S OUT THERE, JAY! I'D LOVE
TUH PICK 'IM OFF FROM
IN HERE!



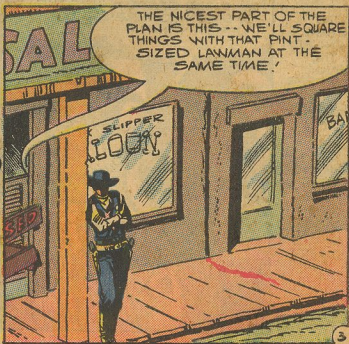
IF YUH MISSED, THE RUNT WOULD PULL THIS
BUILDING AROUND OUR EARS! BESIDES,
THERE'D BE NO PROFIT IN IT -- AND WE
NEED CASH!



THE BANK NEXT DOOR IS FULL OF
LOOT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW TO GET
IT AND NOT GET CAUGHT!



THE NICEST PART OF THE
PLAN IS THIS -- WE'LL SQUARE
THINGS WITH THAT PINT-
SIZED LAWMAN AT THE
SAME TIME!



giant inflatable toys of pre-historic monsters who ruled the earth millions of years ago

7 GIGANTIC DINOSAURS

WITH GENUINE
TOSS-UP FEET ACTION!
MOLDED ONE-PIECE
QUALITY LATEX!
COMPLETELY INFLATABLE!

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Here's thrilling excitement for everyone with this giant-size collection of pre-historic dinosaurs at this low, low price of just \$1.00 (plus post.) Thrill to their fascinating names! Command these fun-loving pre-historic monsters to your every prank! Toss them in the air and they always land on their feet . . . swinging and swaying in every direction without tilting over.

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THEY SWING AND SWAY
IN EVERY DIRECTION!

THEY BEND, LEAN,
AND TILT!

EVEN THE TINIEST
BREEZE ANIMATES THEM!

THEY BOUNCE AND HOP!

THEY STAND AND WIGGLE!

MAIL THIS HANDY COUPON NOW!

GIANT DINOSAURS, DEPT. B3541
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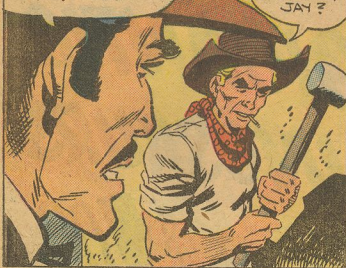
I can hardly wait to get my complete collection of pre-historic dinosaurs. Please rush my order. Enclosed is \$_____ in cash ☐, check ☐, money order ☐, for _____ sets, each at \$1.00 plus 25c postage & handling charges. My money back if I'm not satisfied.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

LEO, START KNOCKIN' A HOLE THROUGH THE WALL RIGHT HERE! THE BANK IS CLOSED -- WE GOT ALL NIGHT WITH NO ONE TUH HEAR US!

WE GONNA BREAK IN TONIGHT, JAY?

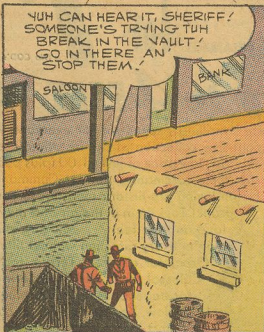


YEP -- AN' THE SHERIFF'S GONNA BE RIGHT ON HAND FOR OUR COMING-OUT PARTY -- OUTSIDE THE VAULT!



THE LIGHTS IN TOWN WINKED OUT -- ONE BY ONE -- BUT, IN THE QUIET, THE STEADY THUD OF THE SLEDGE HAMMER COULD EASILY BE HEARD...

YUH CAN HEAR IT, SHERIFF! SOMEONE'S TRYING TUH BREAK IN THE VAULT! GO IN THERE AN' STOP THEM!



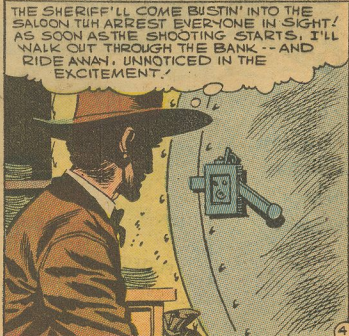
I RECKON NOT, SAM -- THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY EXPECT ME TUH DO. LISTEN -- GO ROUND UP MIKE SEWACK! AN' HIS FRIENDS! TELL 'EM TUH COME ARUINNIN' -- I NEED 'EM!



THAT'S ENOUGH, MUSCLES! STAND BACK -- I'LL GO IN FOR THE CASH! THE REST OF YUH WAIT RIGHT HERE!



THE SHERIFF'LL COME BUSTIN' INTO THE SALOON TUH ARREST EVERYONE IN SIGHT! AS SOON AS THE SHOOTING STARTS, I'LL WALK OUT THROUGH THE BANK -- AND RIDE AWAY, UNNOTICED IN THE EXCITEMENT!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THAT'S ABOUT THE WAY IT WORKED-- MIKE SEWACKI AND OTHERS DEPUTIZED FOR THE OCCASION SMASHED THEIR WAY INTO THE PINK SLIPPER...



CHANEY HEARD THEM -- HE KNEW IT WAS TIME TO SLIP OUT...

THE BANKER THINKS NO ONE ELSE KNOWS ABOUT THIS! THE VAULT CAN BE OPENED FROM THE INSIDE -- HE WAS AFRAID OF BEING LOCKED IN SOME TIME!



DROP IT, CHANEY! THE NEXT ONE'S FOR KEEPS!



KEEP COMIN', CHANEY! I KNEW ABOUT THAT SAFETY HANDLE IN THE VAULT TOO!

SPADE!



CHANEY GOT FIFTEEN YEARS FOR THAT JOB -- HIS GANG GOT A FREE RIDE OUT OF TOWN...

WELL, THAT JUST ABOUT CLEANS UP TOMBSTONE, HUH, LUKE?

NOT A CHANCE -- THERE ARE A DOZEN PLACES JUST LIKE THE PINK SLIPPER WAS, MIKE! BUT WE'LL GET AROUND TO 'EM, SOONER OR LATER.



Can You UNSCRAMBLE These States?

Join the fun! Everybody can win! Test your skill to qualify for a valuable prize. Just unscramble the names of four states and then mail us the answer. Everybody can win. Anyone can enter.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. NICILAFARO
(FAMOUS FOR ORANGES) | 3. SANOMENTI
(FAMOUS FOR LAKES) |
| 2. NAILAUOSI
(FAMOUS FOR SUGAR) | 4. NAVINEPSALYN
(FAMOUS FOR STEEL) |

EXAMPLE:
DOLIFAR
ANSWER:
FLORIDA

We're running this special Unscramble test to get acquainted and find at least 116 families who would appreciate having their choice of such an amazing, real, live, Miniature Pet. Every member of the family will have fun helping to unscramble the names of these four States.



Please
Give
Me a
Home

WIN

Your Choice NEW Live MINIATURE PET

This is our way of getting acquainted.

Everyone who has received such a wonderful Miniature Pet is simply "crazy" about it... wouldn't part with it for the world. I'll be happy to send you ENTIRELY AT MY EXPENSE your choice of this alert, young Miniature Dog or Miniature Monkey. Send in your entry today and simply hand out only twenty get-acquainted coupons to friends, relatives and neighbors to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. Your choice of the adorable Miniature Dog or Miniature Monkey is sent to you when the coupons are used. Send your answer today.

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when sending your 4 names of States to qualify for your Miniature Dog or Miniature Monkey. We will make you a beautiful 5 x 7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame. You can tell your friends about our bargain, hand-colored enlargements when you're handing out the get-acquainted coupons. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only forty-nine cents and a few cents for our c.o.d. service plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. Your original is returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES with your picture,

so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

I'm so anxious to send you a wonderful Miniature Dog or Miniature Monkey that I hope you send me your answer right away and also include your favorite snapshot. Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager.

DEAN STUDIOS (OUR 20TH YEAR)
Dept. X-578, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines 2, Iowa

Miniature

DOG (WORLD'S TINIEST KIND)

This lovable, young Miniature Dog is so tiny you can carry it in your pocket or hold it in one hand, yet it is a reliable watch dog as well as loyal and affectionate.

HURRY! HURRY!

Send your answer today. Winners notified promptly by mail. Don't delay!

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-578, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines 2, Iowa

Please enter my name for the Miniature-Pet of my choice and send me the twenty coupons to hand out. Enclosed find snapshot or negative for enlarging.

NAMES OF STATES ARE:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Color of Hair _____	Color of Eyes _____
Name _____	
Address _____	
City _____	
State _____	



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MOVYLAND STUDIOS DEPT. 296, 211 W. 7TH ST., DES MOINES 2, IOWA

My name is Charles Atlas. Of course, I can't promise that you'll win the title of "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," as I did. But I *do* say that I believe I can make a mighty powerful He-Man out of you – in a very short time. In fact, you can prove it to yourself in 7 days. At my risk, of course. And I have good reason for believing I can do it. Because during the last 30 years I have turned many thousands of weaklings – fellows who were ashamed of their bodies – into beautifully-proportioned human dynamos of strength, energy, and tireless endurance... with the kind of muscular development that needn't take "back talk" from any one. My big free book will tell you how my secret of Dynamic Tension may be able to do such a job for *you*. Where shall I send your copy? There's not a bit of cost or obligation on your part. So mail the coupon now.



*Charles
Atlas*

Holder of title,
"World's Most
Perfectly
Developed Man"

ARE YOU

Skinny and Run Down?

• Always Tired?

• Nervous

• Shy and Lacking
in Confidence?

• Overweight and Short
of Breath?

• Lacking in
Vim and Vigor?

• Slow at Sports?

• Do you Want to
Gain Weight?

• What to Do About It
Is Told in My
FREE BOOK!



VALUABLE TROPHY
GIVEN AWAY

You can win this strikingly handsome trophy, over 1½ ft. high!

Where Shall I Send Your Copy of My Big FREE BOOK?

Mail the coupon now for your FREE copy of my valuable 32-page book. Also check the kind of body you want right in the coupon. My book tells how you can get it fast. See how I can give you "Stand-Out" muscles where you want them; add inches to your

chest and shoulders; make your legs and arms bulge with power. Read how "Dynamic Tension" can make you a new man – confident, popular, successful. See pages of actual photos of men who have become "Atlas Champions" my way. Read the answers to vital questions about your health, your personality, your future – WHAT I can do for you and HOW I do it. Rush the coupon to me personally:

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3259
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3259
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind
of Body I Want: (Check as many as you like)

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ More Weight—Solid in The Right Places | ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips |
| ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders | ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles |
| ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip | ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy |

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man, 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....Age.....
(please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....



A Real Live PARRAKEET

"the talking bird"

Beautiful Parakeet makes a lively pet. All birds are of finest quality from talking stock. Sent in a sturdy wire cage with instructions for teaching it to talk and do tricks. Safe delivery guaranteed.



Official Size BASKETBALL and GOAL



Cuckoo-style CLOCK



GIRLS' TRAVEL CASE

CHEMCRRAFT LAB with atomic energy book



DAISY "EAGLE" AIR RIFLE with scope



BALLISTIC MISSILE ROCKET Soars High in the Air



AXE & KNIFE KIT



ARCHERY SET 54" Lemonwood Bow



BOYS' AND GIRLS' Wrist Watches

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE

It's Yours—So Easily

Take your choice of a wonderful Parakeet (the talking bird) or any of these other prizes. Many prizes shown here and dozens more in our Big Prize Book are given WITH-OUT COST for selling 30 XMAS PACKS at 35c each. Some of the larger prizes require more sales or extra money as explained in the Big Prize Book.

Be First in Your Neighborhood It's easy to sell XMAS PACKS to

your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains five beautiful Christmas Cards and Envelopes—a great big value for 35c. They are much easier to sell than large expensive boxes of cards. Many boys and girls sell their packs in one day. You can, too—and get your prize instead of a prize, keep \$3.50 in cash for every order you sell.

Send No Money, We Trust You Mail coupon today for your XMAS PACKS and Big Prize Book—give the other coupon to a friend.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, Dept. 858, Lancaster, Pa.

MORE PRIZES TO CHOOSE FROM!

Eastman Camera
Sleeping Bag
Table Tennis Set
Cowboy Guitar
Binoculars
Ant Farm
Pup Tent
Bride Doll
Knapsack

Mystery Sweep Watch
Spin Fishing Set
Microscope Outfit
Printing Press
Complete Bowling Set
Electric Jig Saw
Colt 45 Cap Pistol
Electric Pipe Organ
Daisy Target Pistol

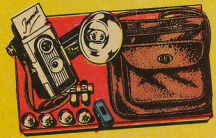
World Globe Student Lamp
Cooking Kit with Canteen
8 mm. Movie Projector
Trip to Moon Projector
Glass Bow Archery Set
Engine Power Airplane
Transistor Radio Kit
Set of Encyclopedia
and many more!



WYATT EARP Holster Set with Buntline Special Gun



POOL TABLE SET



Complete Reflex CAMERA OUTFIT



Photo LOCKET SET

Extra Coupon for a Friend

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 858F, Lancaster, Pa. Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 30 XMAS PACKS. I will sell the packs at 35c each, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

Mail This—Send No Money

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 858, Lancaster, Pa. Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 30 XMAS PACKS. I will sell the packs at 35c each, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____